

## That Vile Taste In My Mouth by mydynastys

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Canon Compliant, During Canon, F/M, Heavy Angst, MAJOR ST3 SPOILERSSSSSS, hoppers funeral, they're not mad at each other but its still sad

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** In-Progress

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**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 418

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Mike reached his hand out to hers, her eyes drifted from the band to the floor. His finger brushed her thumb-

SLAP!

Some people turned, but then carelessly looked back and continued on. El slapped his hand away. Mike felt this small sting in his fingers, his heart clenching, suddenly he was so aware of the vile taste in his mouth.

He needed to throw up, he was going to be sick.

## That Vile Taste In My Mouth

### Author's Note:

HI I am not good at writing fics but i need some mileven angst so enjoy this! its super short, just a small scene, nothing fancy might not continue this? Unless yall want an aftermath chapter it won't happen

Hop's funeral was so quiet. The type of quiet that made you want to throw up after drinking cold water on an empty stomach. It all felt so unreal- for everyone- it was scary. El looked pale, sickly pale, her hands constantly shaking and that glint she had in her eyes was gone. Mike was sick, all the time. He felt the need to throw up late in the night, he thought he looked even more lank and sick than he did before. But he had to be there for El, no matter how much he was hurting. 'Cause she was hurting more. El was staying with Joyce for the time being, until they moved.

Everyone could tell El had been crying, but her ears muffled out the words spoken at the funeral, the feeling of sticky dry tears on her face made her want to rip her hair out. She kept it pulled back with a clip. It felt like hours. She felt Mikes eyes on her, his face guilty and nervous. Hoping she would look back at him- maybe he could give her a comforting look or an expression that yells 'I'm here for you'.

El didn't look at him once during the funeral.

Mike walked over to her as people in groups shuffled out after throwing their roses of all colors down into the ground. She was staring at her wrist, fidgeting with the blue band on her wrist, lip quivering in just the slightest that its something only Mike would notice.

Mike reached his hand out to hers, her eyes drifted from the band to the floor. His finger brushed her thumb-

SLAP!

Some people turned, but then carelessly looked back and continued on. El slapped his hand away. Mike felt this small sting in his fingers,

his heart clenching, suddenly he was so aware of the vile taste in his mouth.

He needed to throw up, he was going to be sick.

He blinked, backing away just the smallest bit, El turned, meeting his eyes for a split second. Then looking back down quickly, A pregnant pause filled the air. Mike heard the rustling of her feet as she walked away. The way her eyes met his for that second made him feel sick. She had looked guilty, and all he felt was this small weight leveling down on him, making him want to cry, out of anger, discomfort- any feeling that a human could feel.

They didn't speak for a week after.

**Author's Note:**

sorry if that made u sad lol (Not sorry if ur bella)